

Rewrite: I'm A What?

by Candles In The Snow

Category: Final Fantasy VII, Harry Potter

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Fred W., George W., Hermione G., Zack F.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-15 07:35:42

Updated: 2016-04-15 07:35:42

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:41:46

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 842

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: October 31st, 1981, Harry Potter disappeared from his aunt's doorstep in the middle of the night. October 31st, 1994, a dying Zack Fair is summoned to another world. While having to compete in the Tri-Wizard Tournament, Zack tries to find his way in this new world, while trying to find a way back to his old one.

Rewrite: I'm A What?

Hey everyone! Here's the first chapter for my "I'm A What?" Rewrite! I hope you all enjoy it!

I do not own Final Fantasy, or Harry Potter.

~Snow.

* * *

><p>"Zack..."<p>

It was the young man's soft voice and seeing the blonde kneeling beside him, seeing the other's worried gaze on him that pulled Zack Fair's mind out of the murky darkness that it had been in. '_Cloud,_' the dark-haired ex-SOLDIER thought, blinking raindrops out of his eyes. He attempted to sit up, a grunt of pain escaping him at the pain that followed the attempt, which was in vain as he didn't manage to raise his chest even an inch. Letting himself relax, a smile tugged at the corners of his lips at just _seeing_ Cloud, knowing that the other was up and moving, even if it's just a little, and that he was all right.

"_**For the... both of us..."**_

Zack's breaths were shaky, yet his voice firm as he spoke.

"Both of us?" the blonde questioned slowly.

"_**That's right... you're gonna..."**_

Reaching up to grasp spiky, blonde locks, Zack gently pulled Cloud's head down to his bullet-riddled chest. He embraced the young man as best he could while rain continued to pour from the cloudy gray sky above.

"_**Live. You'll be, my living legacy..."**_

His left arm fell limp to his side, what little strength that had been in it drained. Zack watched as Cloud slowly sat back up. Their eyes met, sky-blue and violet - bright red blood dripped down the ravenette's forehead and some of his blood was on Cloud's cheek from the hug - before the latter turned his head just slightly to look at the sword that laid beside him, near the former.

"_**My honor, my dreams... They're yours now..."**_

Grasping the Buster Sword â€" _his sword, his mentor's sword, their honor and their dreams_ â€" he lifted it, using what little strength he had left in his right arm to hold it out to the blonde, who hesitantly grasped the handle with one and then with both hands. A faint smile flickered over Zack's face as he gave the handle a little push towards Cloud.

"I'm your... living legacy..." the blonde repeated, hesitant.

The smile grew as Zack's other arm fell back to the soft ground. Closing his eyes, he listened to the soft patters of rainfall, feeling the drops brushing against his numbing face. When Cloud screamed, the young man felt his heart breaking at the pain he could hear in it.

Then, suddenly, the rain stopped, along with Cloud's scream.

"_**Embrace your dreams. If you want to be a hero, you need to have dreams..."**_

If the rain hadn't stopped, he would've missed the blonde's whisper, "Thank you. I won't forget." The sounds of the Buster's blade scraping against the ground along with the sound of Cloud's clothing rustling told Zack that the other had stood. "Good night..." He could hear the faint wobble in Cloud's tone as he spoke, "Zack." Hearing the other leave, his thoughts turned from the blonde to another dear friend.

"_**That girl, she said that the sky frightened her..."**_

In his mind, he could see Angeal descending from the sky, flying towards him on the large, white wing his mentor had.

"_**That looks so... liberating..."**_

Feeling at peace, relaxed, Zack opened his eyes. What he had seen in his mind was right in front of him.

"_**Those wings... I want them too..."**_

Knowing that the Lifestream was coming for him, that Angeal was there to guide him, he reached his hand out. He could hear, he could _feel_ his heart pumping what would be their last beats, as his fingers brushed against Angeal's and then suddenly a tug at his navel pulled him away. The world spun around him before he fell into a seemingly unending blackness, one that choked him. He couldn't breathe, couldn't see, couldn't move, couldn't _feel_.

Then in a rush everything was back. He could see what seemed to be the night sky above him, candles floating lazily, their flickering light adding to the stars'. He could feel rough cold stone beneath him, further freezing what skin touched it. Inhaling, Zack coughed, feeling a warm stickiness leaving his mouth â€" blood. The screams of children filled his ears as his vision began to blacken again. Just before the darkness could once again claim him, he caught a glimpse of something long and silver. With one last exhale, he was gone.

* * *

><p>And that's the chapter! I hope you all enjoyed it and will continue to stick around for more!**

**_Comments? Questions? Criticisms? Please leave a Review! I'd love to hear from you all! Like this story and eager to read more, please Follow and possibly Favorite! All flames will be fed to my little sister's pet dragon!
>**

See you all soon!

~Snow.

End
file.